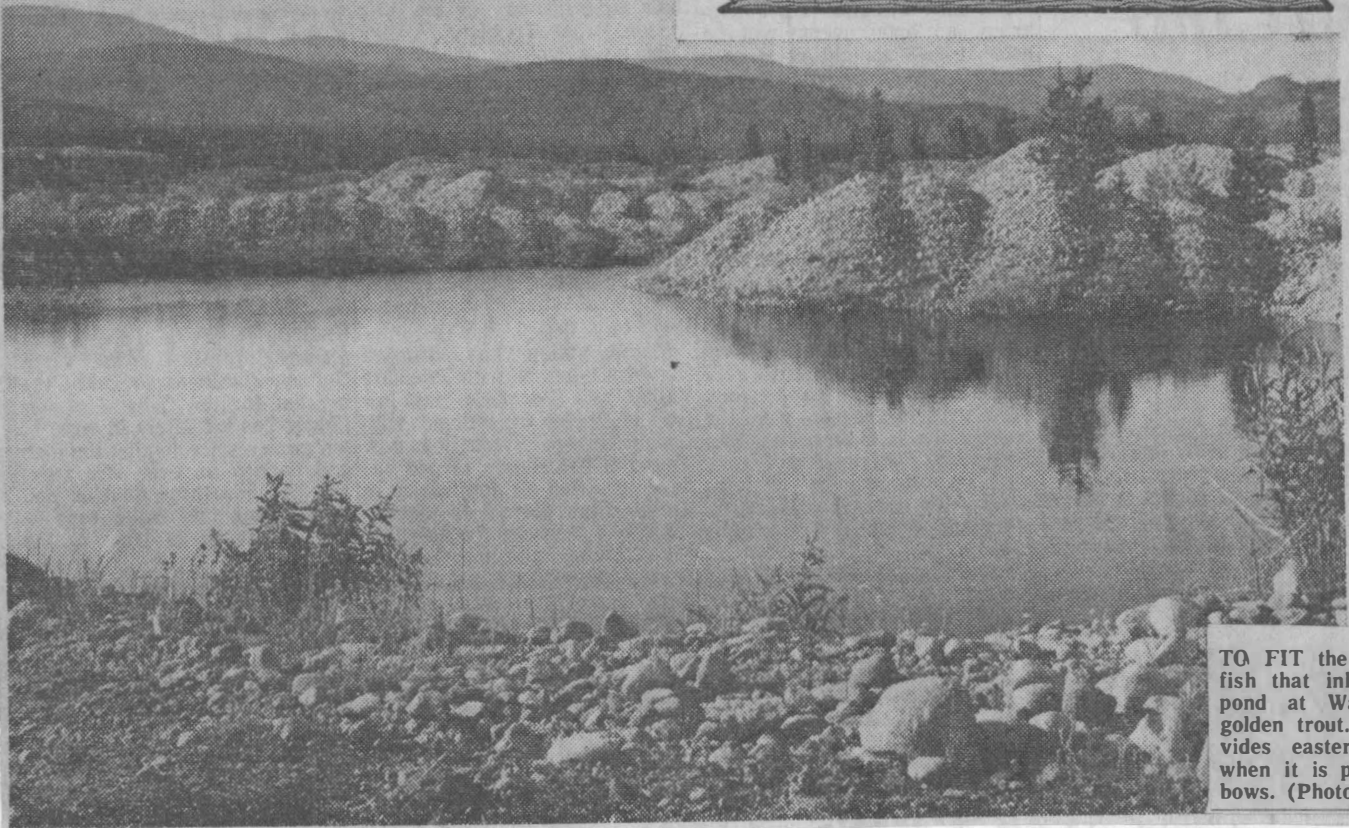


# Gold Hunting Dredges Scooped Fish Ponds of Warren

## OUTDOORS



TO FIT the golden past the fish that inhabit this dredge pond at Warren should be golden trout. Actually, it provides eastern brook, except when it is planted with rainbows. (Photos by Al Bonman)



WINTER SNOWS erode each year some of the buildings still standing in Warren. The building on the left side of the street was toppled last winter. Six stayed in Warren through last winter.



**COLOR BEGINS TO SHOW** in the gold pan of Sam Williams of Warren as he washes away the grindings from the small portable mill at left. A daylong stint at the mill and gold pan produces about \$20 worth of gold. The woman looking over his shoulder is unidentified.

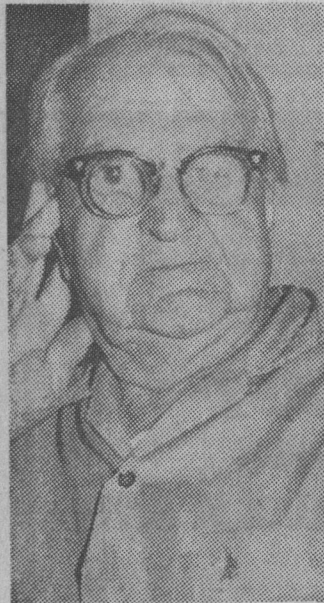
# Golden Past of Warren Adds Spice of History To Fishermen's Jaunts

Fishing, scenery and a dash of gold days history in a decaying ghost town can be enjoyed on a trip to Warren, 46 miles northeast of McCall.

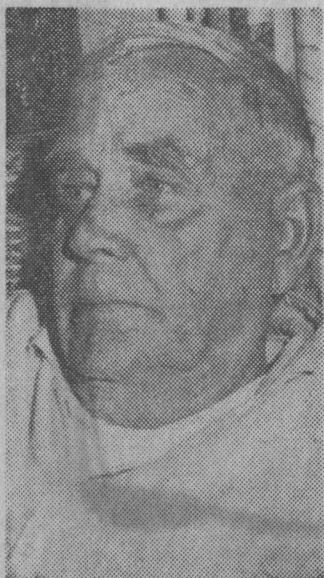
The road that circles around the west shore of Payette Lake, passes upper Payette Lake and follows the Payette River to its headwaters before it goes over the divide into the Salmon River drainage is described as exceptionally well graded and smooth this year.

About 30 miles out from McCall and a mile off on a junction road to the left is Burgdorf. For those who want to try a new lake without a long walk there are Marshall Lake

\* \* \*



**OTIS MORRIS**  
... made the gold bricks



**W. R. McDOWELL**  
... flew out with last Chinese

with rainbows and eastern brook, and California Lake with rainbows and cutthroats, both reachable by road from Burgdorf. There are a number of walk-in lakes within two to four miles of the road to Warren.

### Road Crosses Secesh

Continuing on to Warren the road crosses to Secesh River which is described as only fair fishing. The climb over the Secesh summit brings the visitor to about 7,000 feet before the drop into Warren.

The fishing at Warren Centers in the ponds gouged out by dredges in the search for gold. The native fish are eastern brook. When a fly hatch brings the brooks to the surface in the evening, one visitor said the dimples on the ponds made it look "like it was raining."

History that you can still touch hangs on the walls of surviving buildings that have withstood the battering of winter snows. Still in service are a hotel, service station, and a store-tavern operated by Mel Newcomb. On the walls of this emporium are an axe with a bent rifle barrel fashioned into a handle and snowshoes for horses. Freight had to come by sleigh from McCall in the mining days and pioneers say that when the snow would get too deep for the horses they would lift up their feet to have the iron snowshoes slapped on their hooves.

### Cabins Evoke Memories

Two mouldering log cabins built in 1862 evoke the most vivid tales of days gone by when 300 Chinese helped work the basin for gold. In one, Mexican Joe's, an abode for a number of Chinese, the layers of paper peeling from the wall include a page from a "spring and summer catalogue of 1895 of O'Neil and White." The page illustrates women's fancy underwear in "sizes 36 to 44" with "extra sizes 25 cents extra."

A sunken dredge aging in the sun at the end of one pond provides a tombstone for the golden days of Warren. The dredge was powered by a hydro electric plant over the hill that also supplied enough 'juice' to light up most of the town. Something fouled the plant and the pumps on the dredge stopped. The dredge filled with water and sank.

### Myths Corrected

Otis Morris who lives with W. R. McDowell near Eagle corrects some of the myths about Warren. Morris came to Warren as a toddler of five with his mother from Iola, Kansas. He learned assay work by

14 and was postmaster of Warren from 1925 to 1955. In the days of gold Morris made the gold bricks and prepared them for shipment.

McDowell came to Warren in 1923 and still owns much of the property in Warren as well as the Rescue Mine.

The last Chinese, China Chen, was flown out with McDowell in 1934 to a rest home in Grangeville. As soon as they arrived, attendants undressed the Chinese, took his filthy clothes and burned them despite his unintelligible complaints. Afterwards, he made them understand that he had his money sewn under the patches.

The legend of how Chinese maiden Polly was won in a poker game was punctured by Morris who was there.

Charley Bemis, Morris recalled, was a gambler. Polly was one of three Chinese "slave girls" brought in to entertain the Chinese.

### Bemis Loses Eye

One morning while Bemis stretched on a bench in front of a saloon, Cox, a gambler who had been trimmed of his poke the night before by Bemis, strolled up to charge he'd been cheated. He demanded his money back, or else he'd shoot Bemis' eye out. Bemis dared him to and Cox snapped out a deringer and shot Bemis in the left eye. An Army doctor from Grangeville treated Bemis and then Polly took over to nurse him back to health in two years. When he recovered, Bemis married Polly, who remained in the Solman River country until she died at 75.

Mrs. McDowell said that a traveler from New York brought some flannel fabric to Warren and gave it to Polly Bemis. She made a dress out of it and her husband, who was a jeweler and watchmaker in addition to being a gambler, made solid gold buttons, worth \$3 each which Polly sewed on the front of the dress from her chin to the floor.

### Fire Razed Warren

Morris said that "modern" Warren dates from the big fire of September 8, 1904, that burned three saloons, two hotels, two stores, a blacksmith, a meat market, courthouse and jail and the barbershop.

Morris and McDowell estimated that the Chinese-operated diggings cleaned out \$2 million in gold from Warren and the dredges scooped in \$4 million. The dredge on Steamboat Creek shoveled out \$54,000 worth of ore in its last 57 days before it ran out of ground.

A tale of a dredge worker in the 1930s related the theft of a golden stove. As he told it, the stove served as a retort to melt gold. Some of the gold would drip into the cracks and occasionally the stove was taken apart and the gold gleaned. One night a thief made off with the stove, just before cleaning time while it contained an estimated \$4,000 in gold.

# Warren: town with a heritage

Star-News photos  
taken Sept. 7, 1969

A landmark of Idaho's gold mining history, the settlement of Warren's lies at an elevation of just over 6000 feet near the rim of the Salmon River Canyon. Today, the orphan community of Idaho County, an hour and a half drive from McCall, is a lively "ghost town" with a tiny population and an enormous heritage.

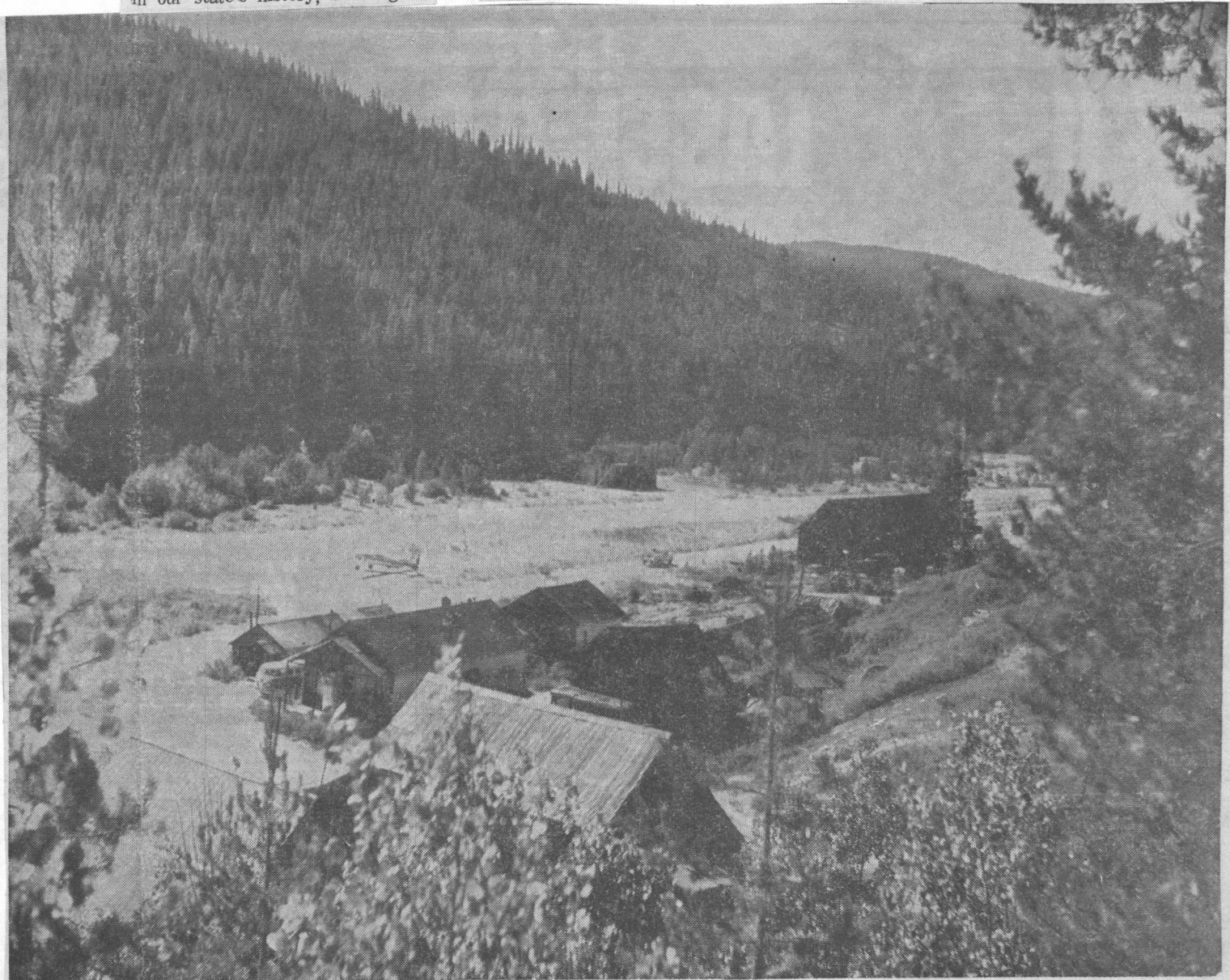
Named for James Warren, a notorious gambler and fortune-seeker who first uncovered placer diggings there in 1862, it became the scene of one of the largest gold rushes in our state's history, boasting of

a population near 6,000 at one time. Although Warren's Camp was the first and enduring settlement, an adjacent mining community of Washington also existed for several years, and was the county seat of Idaho County between 1868 and 1875. Today's Warren probably includes remnants of both.

After the first decade of the fabulous boom, in which hundreds of placer mines were opened along a sixteen mile stretch of Warren Creek, activity by white miners subsided and over a thousand Chinese immigrants came in to try their luck. An estimated total of \$14 million in placer gold was taken from a five-mile long lode between 1862 and 1884, with dredging operations between 1931 and 1943 yield-

ing another \$4 million. Quartz mining also played an important role during the first half of the century, and several large operations, including the Rescue and Unity mines, made important discoveries.

The fourth oldest mining settlement in Idaho, Warren was also the most inaccessible. Earliest travel to the area was from Florence and Dixie on the north side of the Salmon River. A trail was later established up the Salmon from the present site of Riggins to French Creek, and thence to the Secesh River Valley and over Steamboat Summit into Warren, with an al-



The two faces of Warren — old decaying buildings line the main thoroughfare adjacent to the landing strip used by modern aircraft the year round.



Ore mill at the famous Rescue Mine, one of Warren's best-producing quartz operations dating back to 1867. Now abandoned, it is still a Warren landmark.

ternate route also developed from Mackay Bar over the present Slaughter Creek Trail. In 1902 Warren became an important way station for miners seeking gold in the Thunder Mountain area, and by that time a travel route had also been established up the Weiser River Canyon from the Indian Valley area to Old Meadows, and then along the west side of Payette Lake

and over the Secesh Summit, what is now known in part as the Warren Wagon Road.

Many persons still living in this area were a part of the colorful past history of Warren, although many more are no longer here to tell the stories of that era of gold rush fever, hardship and courage on one of America's last frontiers. One of Warren's "first citizens" for the greater part of the first half of this century was Otis Morris, who long acted as postmaster, and is now retired in the Meridian area. His successor since 1954, Jack Pickell, is an example of the enigma of present Warrenites. Blessed with the heritage of past tradition, he cherishes that heritage while accepting modern changes, as exemplified by his personal use of a plane for year-round transportation in and out of the isolated community.

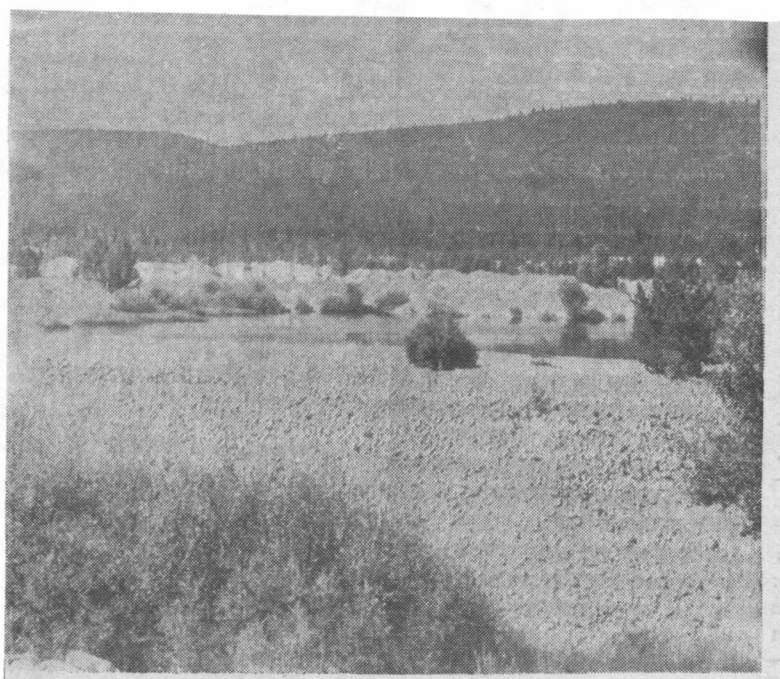


Dredging operations along Steamboat Creek and Warren Creek in the 1930's and early 1940's are recalled by this partly-sunken abandoned dredge, which received electrical power from an Elk Creek power plant.

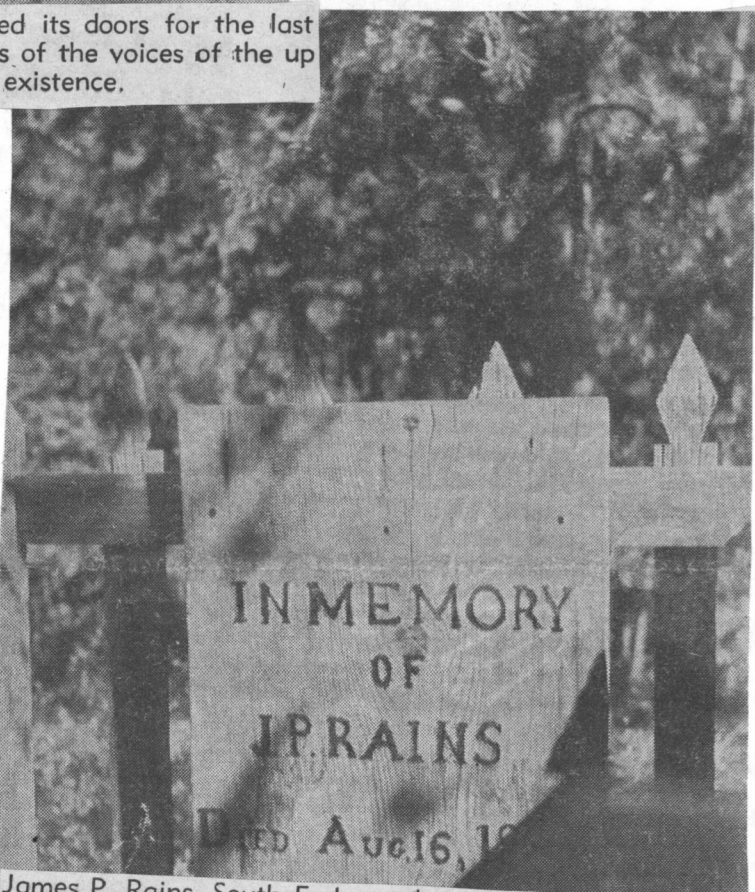


Today's rapid development of tourist recreation facilities indicate that in a short span of years the Warren area will become more easily accessible by a variety of means, and will enjoy a boost in local economy, not from gold dust, but from the tourist dollar. Meanwhile, relics of its past, unless carefully preserved, will disintegrate into only what records and legends can provide for future generations.

Symbol of nostalgia to former students, the Warren School closed its doors for the last time in the spring of 1962. Locked within its walls are echoes of the voices of the up to thirty children who were educated there each year during its existence.



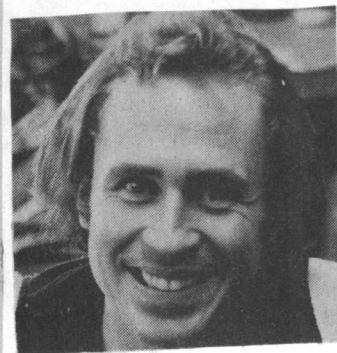
Dozens of ponds such as this line the Warren Creek meadow and provide good returns for trout fishermen throughout the summer season. Vegetation has already begun to hide the mounds of tailings left by dredges as evidence of their fabulous past operation.



James P. Rains, South Fork rancher and victim of a Sheep-eater Indian uprising on August 16, 1879, lies at rest in the picturesque Warren Cemetery. Many unmarked graves are in evidence in the old hilltop burying ground, unused since the 1930's.

# Gold fever gives birth to Warren

by Jeff Fee



The following account researched through Idaho Chinese Lore and Idaho County Records by Sister M. Alfreda Elsensohn.

During 1861 the cannons of civil war began to echo throughout our nation. In August of 1862 a gambler named Jim Warren discovered gold in a beautiful meadow along the Salmon River Basin. Word quickly reached other mining camps and a mass influx of prospectors headed for the meadows.

By the spring of 1863, a total of 400 men occupied the new mining area.

It was a time when the war between the states was beginning to reach a peak. A few southerners and many southern sympathizers decided to create their own separate camp in Warrens meadows. They built a store at the mouth of Slaughter Creek that became the center of the new settlement, called Richmond.

Pro-Unionists created a rival settlement appropriately named Washington. Another group of pro-Secessionists set up a small mining camp along a river running through meadows about 15 miles west of Warren. The meadows and the river were named Secesh as a result of the Secessionist camp.

Richmond was short-lived. In 1866, gold fever won out over the southern spirit when it was found out that some of the richest claims to be staked were right under the foundations of the southern settlement.

In 1869 Washington was chosen county seat and continued in that role until 1875. By 1875 a decade had passed since the end of the civil war. The rivalry between Washington and Richmond was only a memory. Washington was beginning to be referred to as Warrens. Then in 1876, it officially became known as Warren.

Between 1862 and 1875 population fluctuations varied from year to year. However, the late Ottis Morris, a long-time resident of Warren, claimed county seat records showed a population peak of 6,000. By 1872 most of the rich pay dirt had been worked clean. Only 400 miners remained working the odds and ends of a gold field that rendered nearly a decade of high gold concentrations.

During the early 1860s Chinese laborers entered the United States. The Central Pacific hired 10,000 Cantonese to help complete the railroad bound for the Pacific.

In 1869 the railroads were completed. The Chinese railroad gangs left for the gold booms springing up throughout the west. In 1870 the census of Idaho showed 14,999. Of that number 4,274 or one-fourth were Chinese.

The mining district of Warren, like other

mining districts in Idaho created a law, which read: "All Chinamen are prohibited from holding claims or working in this district as hired men." During 1872 the miners of Warren wanted to sell their depleted claims. A vote was taken, and 1,200 Chinese were allowed to come into the camp to buy and stake claims. By 1879, 600 Chinese were making their claims pay. Only 150 whitemen remained.

In 1882 a report on the production of gold and silver in the United States gives the following information. "Took Sing Company, \$14,120; Lin Wo Company, \$21,500, Hung Wo Company, \$17,400; Wing Wo Company, \$15,000; Shun Lee Company \$11,260. A total of \$79,280 in gold was extracted by Chinese placer mines in Warren. The five Chinese companies in Warrens own over a mile of creek bottom and employ about 200 men."

At certain times, prejudice towards the Chinese made its ugly mark. There are numerous records of Chinamen being shot or hung for their hard-earned gold filled poke.

One of the most tragic incidences took place in 1887 on Douglas Bar, when eight white cowboys rode into a Chinese mining camp and shot and killed 32 of the oriental miners. Douglas Bar is located a short distance below the confluence of the Salmon and and Snake rivers. Many of the bodies were found floating down the Snake, and eighteen flasks of gold were stolen. In general, though, the Chinese in Warren were well respected by most Anglo citizens. However, one unfortunate incident stirred bad feelings--a Chinaman was taken to the creek and hung for stealing a white man's shoes.

The Warren Chinese had more trouble among themselves because of the Tongs. One Tong would war against another Tong. Each Tong had his own particular style of weapon, usually a knife.

The early day Chinese had quite a cultural influence on Warren and other mining camps of the Northwest. Taverns, stores, restaurants and laundrys were owned by many Chinese merchants. Some taverns actually had opium dens in the back, used by Chinese and some white customers as well. In Warren during times of illness, many of the white miners preferred the medical attention of two Chinese healers who healed with herbs and teas over a medical doctor.

Some of the best pack trains were owned and run by Chinese. One of the three largest pack trains on the Warren - Grangeville trail was the Ah Cain and Ah Luy's pack train.

So, history claims, what you read is the way it was.



There's still gold in 'them thar hills', and Tim Williams of Warren, a long time area prospector, has his own unique way of extracting the yellow metal. His small hand-built stamp mill, which operates with an old Red Wing motor, pulverizes hand-crushed ore and washes the precious residue free. Tim, who was born in the Council Valley early in the century, has lived in the Warren area for almost fifty years except for World War II service. He and his wife, Ruth, stay in the remote for-

mer mining community year-around, comprising part of the total population of five during the 1969-70 winter. He was

also employed by former Warren District Ranger Bill Parks on a forest service trail crew for about ten years, but has spent most of the remainder of his life in mining endeavors.

Tim has his mine a short distance from the present town of Warren and hauls his rich ore into Warren where he first breaks it up with a heavy hammer by hand, before it is show-

eled into his small mill. The old Red Wing motor powers his plant (takes a little hand help to get the mill rolling) before it can crush up his ore and leave the gold in his hand built sluice box, where it is collected and after processed

sent to the government in Seattle.

Mr. Williams did not say how much gold he took in a year but said he never went hungry.



# Outdoor Fun Seekers

## Breathe New Life Into Gem Ghost Town

Story and Photos

By MARY JANE WILLIAMS  
Statesman Correspondent

WARREN — From a gold rush boomtown with an estimated population of over 6,000 miners in the 1880s to a ghost town with the permanent population of 29 may seem like a downhill slide for the backcountry town of Warren.

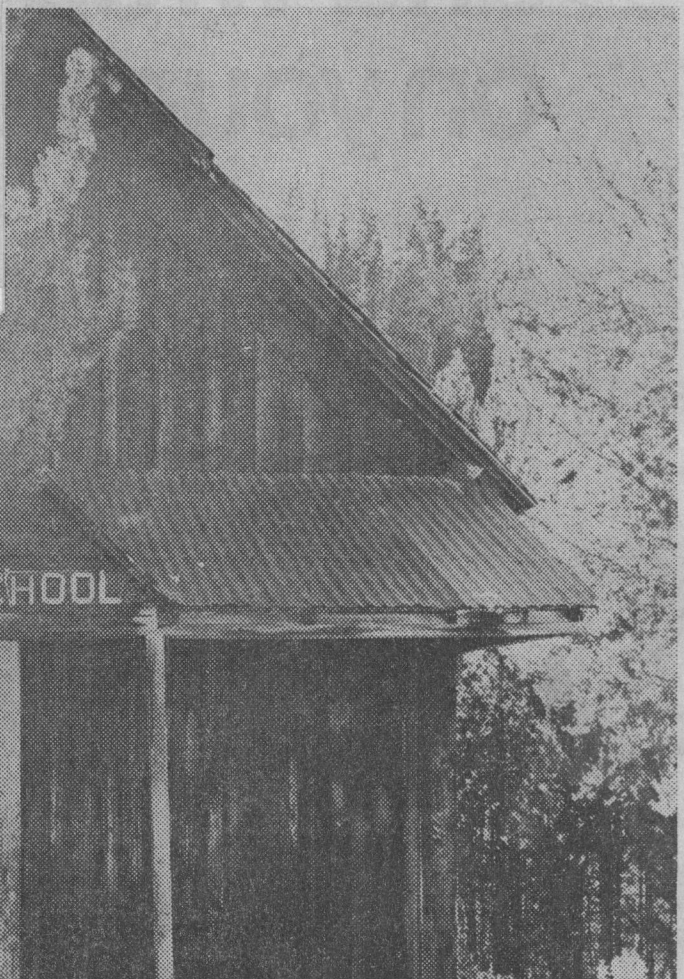
However, this community — located 50 miles north of McCall — may be facing its greatest potential as a recreation center.

The early settlers of War-

ren, or Warren's Diggings as it was first known, came in August of 1862 to prospect the Salmon River Basin for gold.

In 20 years the wealth of the gold deposits had attracted about 6,000 placer miners, and still later came the Chinese who worked the flatter ground of the meadows.

Estimates of the value of gold taken from the Warren area vary, with some going as high as \$18 million. Lode claim mining in the area began to die in the 1880s, but was revived in the early



This supposedly is the story that Polly herself told.

The road to Warren from McCall disappears under the snow early in the fall, and the residents depend on radio communications. However, snomobiles have made it possible for them to get out for supplies and medical care.

Early fall hunting brings many to the Warren area. However, according to Dave Neider, regional game manager, Idaho State Fish and Game, the area actually has light hunting pressure, due to lack of road access.

The fall hunting is good for deer and elk. There are moose in the area, although there is no open season on them. The entire area provides good summering for the elk, deer and moose.

**THE DAY OF** the one-room school still is not over. For the first time in eight years, classes are being held in Warren in this building. Located in the Grangeville district, the school boasts nine pupils — all from three or four Warren families. Jeff Fee, Yellow Pine, is the teacher. The venerable wooden building is located next door to the U.S. Forest Service building.

1900s. The use of large dredges in the 1930-1940 period brought forth still more gold.

Early Warren inhabitants were colorful people, especially if their names and the stories that go with them are even a bit true.

There was Sylvester "Three Finger Smith" — Indian fighter, prospector, and merchant all in one; Norman Willey, who later became the governor of Idaho; "Old Boston" Brown, and more.

Most interesting — and certainly most romantic — is the tale of John Bemis and his Chinese wife, Polly.

The most colorful story of the Bemis union is that John won the Chinese slave girl in a poker game.

Much less romantic, but perhaps closer to the truth, is the tale that Bemis was injured, and Polly was engaged to take care of him. He became dependent upon her, and later — "for decency's sake" — married her.

Also available in the early fall are a variety of birds. Forest grouse, which include the blue, ruffed, and spruce or fool's hen, are plentiful.

The Warren dredge ponds, reminders of the latest mining activity, provide excellent

fishing. Eastern brook, Dolly Varden and planted rainbow trout are all in Warren Creek and the dredge ponds. Mountain lakes in the area provide the same variety with the addition of white fish and Kokanee salmon.

Neider stresses that there are a few outfitters in the area, but says Warren provides an excellent spot for a hunter to do his own outfitting because it is an area best hunted with horses.

There are about 10 cabins available for rent for summer fishing and early fall hunting.

**Snowmobiling**, probably one of the nation's fastest growing sports, has made Warren an increasingly popular winter area.

The 50-mile trip from McCall to Warren is not advised for novices, but if you

are adept at the sport, there is the fun of eating at the Warren Palace Saloon — the first Warren restaurant to stay open in winter in years. Gas and oil for snowmachines are stocked at Warren, and overnight lodging can be provided for as many as 30.

This is a 2½-hour trip by snowmobile, and the machines are available for rent in McCall. A side trip to the Burgdorf area is fun because of the hot spring there and the year-around naturally heated pool.

Although it looked as if Warren reached its peak years ago with the gold mining activity, there may be a new peak on the way as lovers of the outdoors begin to "mine" again — this time seeking a rich recreation site.

## Warren Hangs On



RECREATIONISTS ARE WELCOME, but speeders are persona non grata in Warren, as this humorous-but-pointed sign attests. The sign also should be tall enough to be visible over the heavy winter snows that are drawing more and more snowmobile enthusiasts to this onetime mining boom town. Warren was settled in mid-1862 by gold seekers, and the history of the town includes many colorful stories such as the tale of John Bemis — who won his wife, a Chinese slave girl, in a poker game.



IT'S A LONG WAY from Park Avenue, but Main Street in Warren is beginning to attract more visitors — even in winter. Once "home" to some 6,000 miners, Warren is being re-discovered by hunters, fishermen and snowmobile enthusiasts. The near-ghost town is 50 miles north of McCall.

## Mail call, back country style

Those of us who spend our lives within the confines of modern conveniences pretty much take regular mail delivery for granted. Thanks to some dedicated public servants, so do residents of the Warren community, 40 and more miles northeast of McCall and snowed in over half a year.

"Life blood" to those back-country citizens, particularly during the long winters, is their mail and freight service. With surprising regularity, though not without colorful tales of incidents and mishaps, the "postman" has carried mail into Warren and the South Fork for almost half a century, and with only the mode of transportation changing with the times.

Current responsibility for delivery of letters and packages to that destination is shared by Johnson Flying Service of McCall, Warren postmaster Jack Pickell, and South Fork carrier Bob Newcomb. During summer months the mail is dispatched three times weekly from McCall by pickup truck, but between November and June it must go by air to the snowcovered Warren airstrip, which faithful residents keep packed with snowmobiles to facilitate safe landing of the ski plane. Although the McCall-based pilots hope to make their winter trips once a week, bad weather can lengthen the span of time. This winter service was curtailed for 12 days at one point, and during 1970-71 storms 26 days went by for the isolated Warrenites between cherished mail arrivals.

Mr. Pickell, who succeeded Otis Morris as Warren postmaster 20

years ago, dispatches arriving items to local residents from his main street post office, while Mr. Newcomb prepares to make his 15 mile run to the South Fork and Elk Creek. Just completing his second year back on the job (he first contracted the same run for two years in the 1930's) Newcomb uses a modern double track snowmobile with an attached "sled" to carry a maximum 50 lbs. of cargo up over Warren Summit and down to the river, where George Fritzer, the Terry Barkells and Sylvia McClain, the Al Romines and Irene McDowell, Jim Bragg, Ray Lappens, and in summer the Ted Epleys, all have mailboxes. At the snowline he transfers to a 4-wheel drive vehicle over remaining bare roads to the end of the line "mail house" near Elk Creek Ranch. Forty years ago the same, slightly longer route, covered by horse and sled, required two full days, including an average four hours just to pull Warren Summit - the latter now a 15-20 minute trip on his mechanized vehicle. Not too many others were interested in going along during those bygone lonesome trips, but he often has the company of other Warren snowmobilers now, and a recent special passenger out was Mrs. Barkell, who took a brief vacation in McCall while their first child was born.

Not far behind the "outside world", life in Warren itself is experiencing noticeable change. Three winters ago only five hardy souls called the historic mining town "home". The following summer a renewal in mining activity plus arrival of retirement

residents precipitated reopening of the Warren School, which had closed its doors ten years earlier. Mr. Jeff Fee and Mrs. Barkell shared teaching duties during that 1970-71 term. This past winter the one room school has meant education for nine youngsters, taught by Elizabeth Lloyd, and a total of 35 citizens stayed in when a November snowfall closed the road.

Other "going" enterprises, undaunted by four feet of unplowed snow in town and temperatures as low as -34 this year, include Bill Ward's "Warren Palace" hotel, traditional stopover for weekend snowmobilers, and the Pickells' combination gas station and post office. The latter is the town's communication center as well, housing both Forest Service and Oberbillig private radio receivers and transmitters, which, in the absence of telephones, are the sole means of oral communication between mail flights, and the only way to call for help, a procedure seldom used.

The "Palace" has welcomed as many as 35 visitors on weekends this winter, with at least a few almost every Saturday and Sunday, according to Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb, who recently took their spring vacation to Arizona and Nevada and spared time for a Star-News interview before returning home.

Mrs. Newcomb noted that, despite lack of conventional "conveniences" - electricity is produced by a small hydraulic plant for only minimal use, with each household equipped with a standby portable generator for

emergencies - Warren women enjoy their winter life too, finding time for all sorts of outdoor fun as well as indoor projects. On weekend nights Ward entertains guests with guitar-accompanied song, and when summer returns Lee Waggoner's venerable Warren Tavern comes to life to tunes from his "gut-bucket" and a ukelale.

Most of the real oldtimers of the area are gone, but among those who have called Warren home on a fairly permanent basis for the past 20 or more years are the Newcombs, Pickells, Tim and Ruth Williams, Stan McClain, and Lee and Beulah Waggoner in summer. Mining interests dating back to the extensive dredging operations there in the 1920's and 30's brought most of them initially, and they choose to stay in their peaceful isolated environment, joined now by the "newcomers" who have enlarged the populace.

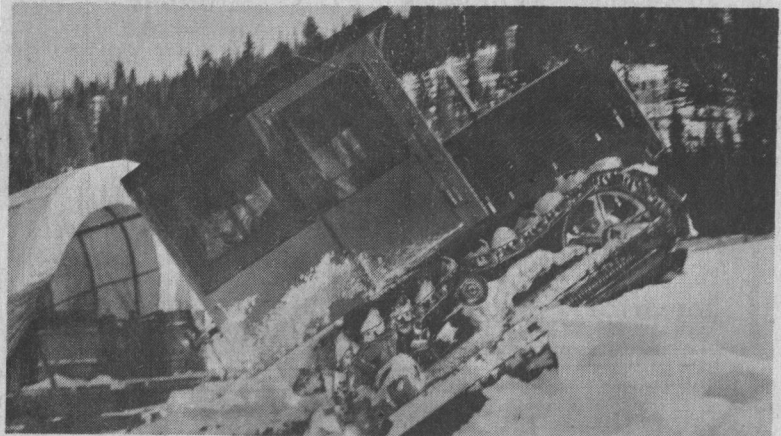
Staple grocery supplies, some butane and propane gas for heating and refrigerators, and whatever else will be needed during the long winters are brought in before the first heavy snowfall, and supplemented by the air freight service. Everyone depends primarily on wood for heat, on each other for company, and on the mail for major communication with the outside. Doctors? There aren't any. Once in a while one is needed and either goes in or the patient comes out, again usually by air. Television? They don't seem to really miss it at all. The Newcombs said that they expect further increase in the town's permanent population, primarily by retiring persons seeking solitude and relaxation, and who already have bought up almost all available land within the "city limits." And that means more people to visit with and share activities during the snow season. Meanwhile, those who are there look forward to their mail arrival every week, and to the road opening in June, but then again to autumn's first storm, which insures their relative isolation and carefree escape from jet-age problems for another six or seven months.



The postman's best friends on his weekly McCall-Warren mail run prior to 1936 were his four horse team. The sled they pulled contained a wood stove and benches for passengers, as well as mail, under its canopy. The above picture, courtesy of Jack Pickell, was taken along that route in 1934, probably during a "lunch break".



One of the mailman's routine chores in those days was to put on and remove snowshoes from his horses. The heavy cast iron "shoes", in common use for many winters, had to be removed if a horse fell, so that it would not be injured by them. (1932 photo courtesy of Jack Pickell)



In 1936 the faithful horse teams were replaced by a snowcat on the McCall-Warren run, but the sled was the same. Here the tracked vehicle with its enclosed cabin is shown bucking drifts somewhere along the route. Winter ground runs were discontinued between McCall and Warren in 1946, when Johnson Flying Service initiated its year-round flights to the back country. (Photo courtesy of Charles McDowell.)



In the winters of 1934 and 1935 Bob Newcomb of Warren and his faithful horse Jake, left, carried the mail along an 18-mile route from Warren to the South Fork and on up Elk Creek to the old Hackett Ranch and back, a two-day round trip each week. In 1972 Bob is again making the same weekly trip, but now with a streamline double track snowmobile and



nifty caboose (right), and in one instead of two days for the shortened 30 mile round trip. Both pictures were taken at the same spot on 7000 ft. Warren Summit, little changed itself in 37 years. Other South Fork carriers have included Al Romine, Bill Barkell and Louis Rebillet. (Bob Newcomb photos)

The one service not provided by mail carriers is "special delivery", but you can bet your bottom dollar that Internal Revenue Service forms arrive sooner or later, and that the majority of the enfranchised Warrenites see to it that election ballots get to their official destination in time. Oh yes, if you're sending a letter in, the zip code is 83671.



Mail and freight now reach Warren during winter months once a week (weather permitting) from McCall via a Johnson Flying Service ski plane. Pictured on hand after its arrival at the Warren airstrip in January, 1971, are from left, pilot Bill

Dorris, Warren postmaster Jack Pickell, John Osborne and Ike Hinkley, rural carrier Bob Newcomb and two unidentified citizens. (Newcomb photo)

*This is probably a transcript of a historical society meeting*

FLFry:ba  
December 13, 1972

John Carrey

To start with, I've got about the best history of Warren I could get, just in case somebody wanted to hear it, from some of the real early timers in Chamberlain Basin while I was working for old R. G. Bailey when I was 17 years old. It's quite old now, and maybe not very interesting, but nobody published them--maybe they didn't fit into the Sheepeater Indian history in any way. I still cherish them quite a little bit. Them old fellers are gone now, and the history is pretty well impossible to obtain. So when I finish with The Warrens if somebody would be interested I could tell this, but I don't want to spend too much time.

*Stewart Aitken*

Mr. Akins has come with me here and he's more of an oldtimer than I am. He's been in the Riggins area since he was 3 years old and been right there in the same house on the same place his whole life, you might say 70 years. I haven't been in one place that long.

I haven't tried to bring this up farther than about 1909 because it just don't do no good to try to print or publish it because nobody is interested when you get that \_\_\_\_\_. So what information I've got has been quite a way back, beyond that time. I'll just have to read you a little bit here and then talk a little bit.

Having read in research about everything that is available in regards to the discovery of Warrens and the gold mining there, including Judge